ANDROID™ NETRUNNER™ THE CARD GAME

Business First

"The Eyes of the World are Upon You…" As national elections loom in the Indian Union, debate rages over granting clones full citizenship. A shadow war begins, and Jinteki will stop at nothing to make sure their most lucrative product remains just that: a product. With this cycle you can explore the largest megapolis in India, and expand your decks in novel ways with new consumer grade hardware and corporate alliances.

New Symbols

The following new symbols appear on cards and stand for the four corporations:

HB: Haas-Bioroid

: Jinteki

: NBN

: Weyland Consortium

The Rag Trade

Melo Pariyar looks up from his work. His throat is dry, but he isn't due a break for another three hours. His rheumy eyes dully scan the assembly line.

Forty-nine identical brothers man the stations, guiding heavy industrial cutters to trim gigantic reams of smartfabric that shoot through rollers at 50km/h. The error tolerance is 0.33%. Any more would result in an unacceptable loss of the vital nanodisplays and chips embedded in the material. Unacceptable loss means extra hours at the very least, and Melo is barely making the minimum grade as it is.

It's the same everywhere—it starts eighty floors up in the weave room, where the virgin material is created. Then the process gets faster and faster until it reaches the distribution center five floors down, where clones work around the clock to pack the finest smartsuits and saris in all of Mumbad. Five thousand garments an hour hit the warehouse, twenty-four seven.

The cutting room is the vital part of the process, the foreman always says. Smallest margin for error, greatest value to the company. Melo Pariyar has worked a shift every day for as long as he can remember. He can't work out how many reams of cloth he's trimmed in his life. All he knows is that he's been getting more tired of late, and his numbers are down.

"Pick it up, 82512!" The barked command is accompanied by the slap of a gloved hand on the back of Melo's head. It almost makes him slip, but the clone corrects the blade in the nick of time. The foreman swaggers on down the aisle, applying words of "encouragement" and the occasional physical motivator to any Pariyar-model clone perceived as slacking.

Beyond the cutting room, the factory opens out into thirty other workshops, from optic fiber-weaving to pattern-making. The noise is ceaseless, the conditions squalid for the fifteen hundred clones working like bees making honey.

Melo knows he's lucky—working so close to the foreman's office affords him and his brothers a certain prestige. Their barracks are farthest from the Namkha Smart-threads Co. arcology, and so the noise from the factory bothers them less at night.

Sometimes Melo wonders if he will ever see more of Mumbad other than the industrial complexes that stretch as far as the eye can see. He pushes such thoughts aside; they are wrong, and he knows it. Clone workers are discouraged from mixing with clones from the other factories in Gujarat, let alone traveling further afield. To cross the border into the next district would mean coming into contact with strange clones or even real humans. He imagines humans must be much like the overseer. He's heard stories that some are worse.

Melo looks across the rolling belt at Tula Pariyar 82620. He's only been here for a month, having replaced 81995. Melo misses 81995—he at least tried to make conversation. Other than that, there's no difference. It's still like looking into a mirror: pale, gaunt, hunched. Facial features slouched as though the effort of creating expressions is too great. Legs gangling and thin—strong enough to hold them upright while they work, yet barely able to carry them to the pods at night.

No, crossing the complex into Gujarat would be too difficult. Better to stay here, where it is safe and familiar, like it has always been. As the foreman always says, "there is no greater pleasure in life than to take pride in your work." It must be true.

A guttural scream sounds from six spaces up the belt. The conveyor stops, but not before Melo accidentally shreds a nanoweave cluster. The productivity meter over his head flashes amber, and he knows without looking that he has hit the 0.33% threshold. One more error and he'll be placed on punishment shift. He doesn't want that, and so he tries to push any curiosity about the scream far from his mind. Some of his newer vat-brothers are straining to see the cause, but after two years on the line, Melo is used to it. He's seen enough.

An overseer and the foreman push past, the latter pausing momentarily to strike Melo sharply across his hunched back when he sees the productivity meter. The foreman calls for an engineer. 82800 has lost an arm to the cutter. Sleeping on the job. Now fifty yards of smartfabric are spoiled. It has to be unhitched from the rollers and everyone will have to work overtime to

make up the loss. The overseer shouts about deadlines. Overseas buyers don't care about production difficulties; they only care about getting their smartsuits delivered in time for the next season.

Melo has worked six spots down from 82800 for almost a year, but has rarely spoken to him. The further away from the foreman's station you are positioned, the lower your status, and six spots is a big gap. Yet Melo feels for 82800—it could have been him.

He watches as 82800 is carried out in a plastic wrap so as not to cause further product contamination, his arm bagged separately. Melo looks at his own arm; the fingers stunted and partly formed, engineered to the perfect length to avoid these kinds of accidents. And yet, it still happens, once or twice a week, and more so here than in the other workshops. Melo doesn't know how long Namkha Smart-threads Co. has been operating, but he guesses that he must have replaced someone once—someone identical to him in everything but memories. Melo remembers the task at hand and feels guilty for having drifted so long in his own thoughts.

Some of the newer brothers look at him, as if he'll have an answer, or words of comfort, because he's been here the longest. But he says nothing. He just watches in silence as two clones clean up the blood while the engineers wrestle with the rollers.

On the gantry overhead, the overseers call the foreman over. Melo strains to hear them over the sound of the engineer clearing the jam.

"It looks like you were right. We've tried everything now—printing smaller digits for the clones, increased caffeine rations, adrenaline…what else can we do? But I'm still not sure we have the space to implement your plan."

"If I may, sir, I believe we do. We can start to phase in adjustments to the Pariyar stature. In less than a year we'll be able to accommodate an extra roller on this level, no problem. It will be cramped in the meantime, but they're used to it."

"And we can retire the older models without too much expense?"

"Yes sir, although I will need to work on productivity levels some more to get the most of these ones." The foreman scratched his chin thoughtfully.

"We will trust you to make that happen, Gupta."

Gupta points to the bagged form of 82800, still twitching and groaning. "Shall I get him to Medical, sir? Or will you sign off a replacement?"

The first overseer sighs. "Replacement. I see no point in wasting time with the med-techs. Get a new clone from the Copy Center tonight, and send that one to the incinerator. But no more this month. You've used your quota."

"Very good sir. When the new system is installed, you'll see an amazing improvement, you'll see."

"We'd better. We can't afford to keep throwing money at these initiatives of yours. This is your last chance."

They give the foreman no chance to respond before marching back to the elevator. Gupta rubs at his face and signals the cleanup crew to take 82800 away.

A klaxon sounds and the productivity meters flash. The engineer shouts the all-clear, and the rollers start to pick up speed.

"Don't just stand there," shouts the foreman. "Get back to work!"

Melo knows he won't get that drink now, not for the rest of the day. He resigns himself to his lot, and turns back to the cutters. He's been here the longest, he's seen many changes. But he wonders how much longer any of them will have when the replacements arrive.

But Melo does not dwell on these things.

Credits

Original Game Design: Richard Garfield

Android: Netrunner Game Development: Lukas Litzsinger

Expansion Design and Development: Lukas Litzsinger with Erik Dahlman and Damon Stone

Android Universe created by: Kevin Wilson with Daniel Lovat Clark

Android Story Team: Daniel Lovat Clark, Michael Hurley, Lukas Litzsinger, Katrina Ostrander, Zoë Robinson, and Damon Stone

Insert Fiction: Mark A. Latham

Editing: Jacob Morris, Katrina Ostrander, and Nick Sephton

Android: Netrunner Graphic Design: Michael Silsby with Chris Beck, Shaun Boyke, Dallas Mehlhoff, Andrew Navaro, and Evan Simonet

Expansion Graphic Design: Mercedes Opheim with Chris Hosch

Graphic Design Manager: Brian Schomburg

Cover Art: Juan Novelletto

Art Direction: Zoë Robinson

Managing Art Director: Andy Christensen

Producer: Erik Dahlman

Production Management: Megan Duehn and Simone Elliott

LCG Manager: Chris Gerber

Executive Game Designer: Corey Konieczka

Executive Game Producer: Michael Hurley

Publisher: Christian T. Petersen

Netrunner is a TM of R. Talsorian Games, Inc. *Android* is TM & © 2015 Fantasy Flight Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. *Netrunner* is licensed by Wizards of the Coast LLC. © 2015 Wizards. No part of this product may be reproduced without specific permission. Wizards of the Coast and its logo are property of Wizards of the Coast LLC in the U.S.A. and other countries. Fantasy Flight Games, the FFG logo, Living Card Game, LCG, and the LCG logo are ® of Fantasy Flight Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved to their respective owners. Fantasy Flight Games is located at 1995 West County Road B2, Roseville, MN 55113, U.S.A., 651-639-1905. Made in China. THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A TOY. NOT INTENDED FOR USE OF PERSONS 13 YEARS OF AGE OR YOUNGER.

PROOF OF PURCHASE
ADN31
Business First